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The Minstrel.

From the German of EMANUEL GRIBEL.

He slept in the airy and moonlighted glade,
Beside him a fairy a violin laid;
When moonlight was waning, the wild rocks among,
His young lips unchaining, a Nix woke to song.

Now plays he while singing, then sings and then
plays,

All hearts to him clinging, all spirits he sways;
In cot or in palace, where'er he may rest,
For joy and for solace all cherish the guest.

His bow once in motion, the lucid tones flow
Like free waves of ocean that come and that go,
Like storm gusts now sweeping, then softly they
sound,

Rejoicing and weeping together inwound.

With strains that were single, his voice's fine spell
Begins he to mingle in musical swell,
Now tenderly breathing, then forth gushing strong,
The might of words wreathing with magic of song.

Why smileth the hoary old sire, as in dreams?
Youth's sunshine warm glory sheds round him, he
deems!

What visions embolden yon soldier's proud brow?
His battle wounds olden again hotly glow!

What new-born confusion awakes the youth's dread?
Why deepen the hues on the cheek of the maid?
With young hearts awaking to rapture and woe,
Love's dawn o'er them breaking—love's witchcraft
they know!

Round huntsmen loud ringeth the silvery horn;
Near reapers clear singeth the quail in the corn;
The land-weary sailor is touched as with pain,
He hears the loud breaker, the long-rolling main.

Souls worn with affliction but list to the lay,
And calm benediction their grief melts away;
So living, so glowing, the rich measures run,
Hope's balsam soft-flowing from fields of the sun!

On eagle wings flying, now swells the full strain,
Then sinks, faintly dying, like showers of spring
rain;

It rolls in dread splendor, a loud trumpet of doom;
It sighs, a hymn tender, low breathes o'er a tomb.

Now failing, now falling, now hushed is each tone.
With joyful outcalling, they proffer the crown;
But he, proudly bending, oppressed by their praise,
Turns, silent, then wending through night-shadowed
ways.

While stars coldly glisten, when winds roughly
moan,

Where no man can listen, he wanders alone;
Heart throbbing, tears burning, he plays to the night,
Lost, passionate yearning! long-buried delight!

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

The Present State of Music.

(Concluded from page 137.)

(Translated for this Journal from Marx's "Music of the
Nineteenth Century.")

PIANO-FORTE MUSIC.

The majority of those who spend their time
and means on music are so far from any right
perception of its value, that they mistake the

means for the end. This is everywhere noticea-
ble, but nowhere so clearly as in the most widely
diffused branch of musical practice, piano-play-
ing. Here, above all, we may recognize a pro-
gress beyond Beethoven and the earlier writers
in the manner of presenting their ideas,—at least
an industrious building out upon what Beethoven
in his later works (and, before him, Dussek, Louis
Ferdinand and A. E. Müller, in their way) had
already striven to realize. I mean, what Liszt
has shrewdly designated by the term "Orchestra-
tion of the Piano." The piano-forte inwardly
(in resonance, in color of sound, blending of
tones and holding out of tone) is the poorest, but
outwardly (for masses of tone, harmony, poly-
phony) next to the organ the richest instrument.
Bach and all the composers down to the time of
Beethoven had to make up for this meagreness
of the single tone by fullness of parts; and Beet-
hoven already in a measure overcame the same
difficulty by broad handfulls of chords and doub-
lings or octave passages; this may be observed in
the great B-flat Sonata (Op. 106), and elsewhere
in many ways. But fullness of intellectual life,
constantly and necessarily urging him toward
dramatic (polyphonic) form, was of more account
with the composer, than outward, sensuous full-
ness, which with him goes farther than with his
intellectually and sensuously poorer predecessors,
but never could become the main thing.

But now the life of Humanity is so rich and
broadly founded, that every thought can and
must live itself out in its consequences; so too in
Art. It is the charm of sensuous fullness in
piano-playing that has called forth the "new
treatment" or manner of playing the piano. The
Arpeggio, in all its variety of forms, from that in
single tones to that in several tones struck at
once, the *Arpeggio*, by itself alone or as founda-
tion for the melody above, or as an airy, flicker-
ing gauze spread over the melody played in the
lower or middle part of the instrument—and
whatever else may be derived from this—has be-
come the fundamental material of this new school;
with it are coupled the bold doublings of melody,
and all sorts of filled-out ingenious and effective
passages. Certainly by these means the piano-
forte has been raised to a before unheard of full-
ness of tone and color. It was Liszt in his "trans-
criptions" of the works of Schubert and others,
and then again in his own works, for instance his
Harmonies poetiques et religieuses, who opened
this path and who has won from it the most pec-
uliar, the finest and mightiest effects.

But there are two evils in this treatment which
it is hard to avoid. The *Arpeggio*, however you
may shape it, however you may group or double
or disperse the tones in it, is ever the same,
ever the one chord which stands out cold and ab-
stract through all these veils and accessories. The
greatest talent, the united ingenuity of ever so
many gifted composers cannot overcome or hide
what lies in the nature of the case. And so the
"New School," from inward necessity, has piled
up mountains of *Etudes*, *Fantasias*, *Songs* with-

out Words, compositions of all sorts, of which the
inevitable substance is this everlasting monoto-
nous *Arpeggio*; other figures appear only as in-
terludes as it were; the melodies, in choice and
shaping, must show themselves favorable for the
Arpeggio, that is to say, they must spread them-
selves out broadly and quietly, so that the *Arpeg-
gio* may find room. That is one trouble. The
other is, the impossibility of uniting with this style
the dramatic nature of *polyphony* [music in "real
parts," or parts, each of which is carried along
like an individual melody. Tr.] Alongside of
the *Arpeggio* only one voice or part can avail at
a time (even though it be put now in the treble,
now in the tenor or the bass); hence that pecu-
liar many-souled wealth of music has to be re-
nounced; Art withdraws itself from the multiform
dramatic fullness of life back into the subjectivity
of the one artist, who has sucked all into himself
and in succulent plasticity exercises that *virtus*—
that valor of the present age, which holds up only
the dear glorious I upon its shield and sees in it-
self the beginning and the end of all being and
all working.

But just this material, this purely personal and
egoistic quality, mere nothingness to the higher
man, is the most readily comprehensible and most
enticing for the great majority of one's contem-
poraries, who never get beyond their own Self,
to whom their own person is the focus and the
end of all existence; whereas the true artist is
surrounded and determined only by thoughts of
the universal, by the primal forms, ideals of the
eternal, super-personal; his personality is but the
melting-furnace in which those thoughts, perme-
ated by the quick flame of inspiration, gain living
form, just as, according to the old myth, only a
virgin, humble and devout, free from all selfish
desires, could become the mother of God.

Quite otherwise is it at the piano-forte. There
the *virtu-ose* and sensuous principle of Self has
been seized upon with an intense and desperate
eagerness. That which Liszt at first made use of
as an ingenious means subservient to a meaning,
and which others occasionally employed still fur-
ther, became an end. And now all the pianos
roar with the storm of arpeggios; now no sacri-
fice of time or nerves is too great, if thereby one
may "also" ride in on this storm. And this very
emulation has served to limit the *virtuoso* con-
certs and crowd them into the background; for
where everybody can work miracles, there is an
end at last of the gaping wonder which so far has
filled the concert rooms. But the vain and empty
prosecution of this virtuoso trade did not retire
to give place to a better; rather had it diffused
itself atmospherically over amateur-dom, crowd-
ing out the spiritual, soul-quickenening part of
Art. With this tendency to the technical-virtu-
oso, sensuous element, the susceptibility, the un-
derstanding and the courage for that better direc-
tion were incompatible, and by a logical fatality
were lost. Perhaps there is no more striking ex-
pression for this turn of things than the judgment
of one of the most distinguished piano teachers,

who, when a young lady offered herself to him as a scholar, in order to find out her qualifications, set her to playing some works of Beethoven and of Bach, and then said to her: "You make too serious and important a matter of it, we take it easier in these days." And, oddly enough, he is right; if we cannot lift ourselves up to the heights any longer, at least we drag them down to us.

CONCLUSION.

Such is the aspect, which in the great and general features, as a whole, the Present State of our Art affords:—unexampled diffusion—unlimited participation in the people—retreat into the background of the spiritual, the full of character, the true, before the sensual, the hollow and hypocritical—accumulation of material means, and all-consuming devotion to the outward and the shallow, with indecision and cowardice for genuine artistic progress—great material capital and indefatigable labor, without the courage to risk either of them in the pursuit of a high and clearly discerned goal.

Perhaps, on the whole, To-day is no worse off than Yesterday. On the part of many there is more of study and of labor, and of a more earnest kind. Great, eminent talents have manifested themselves in a variety of achievements; new paths have been boldly tried and paved. Moreover, the errors and false ways, which shame us to-day, have already existed before us. Particularly this tendency toward the technical and sensual is not altogether exclusively peculiar to our time as something new and never before heard of: much rather is it naturally founded in the life-course of Art, like the ebb and flow of the sea. Upon every period of creative genius there must follow a period of diffusion; the new idea must win over men's minds and fill them with itself. And here come forward the imitative talents,—not seldom with greater and more rapid success than the genial creators of the new time, who have awakened the power in them and opened the understanding of the people. * With these and after these appear those whose calling it is to make what is created generally known by readier renderings. In their eyes necessarily the means of interpretation, or technical skill, acquires an exaggerated consequence—and so the period begins to distinguish itself as one of virtuosity; the technics of the art overstep their proper goal in their zeal to reach it. But it is precisely here that the idea, which first awakened all this striving, may be said to have lived itself out, and now we stand unexpectedly before the question: Whether the end of things has yet come, or whether a new revelation of the eternally creative spirit is yet to be witnessed. Such an intermediate period prevailed after Handel, Bach and Gluck,—and such an one we now experience after Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

We must not, on the one hand, hide from ourselves the errors and deficiencies of the Present; nor, on the other hand, must we forget that the same have made themselves felt before now, and that now, as formerly, much that is good and hopeful has appeared along with them.

Why then can we not content ourselves with the old habitual equilibrium of the better and the worse, as they could do and had to do in former times?

The very question shows, that beneath the superficial similarity of the times essentially differ-

ent relations exist; for such a question, now loudly or silently stirring in the minds of all thinkers, was never raised before. Only once did it stir at all, but with less energy and less widely, when at the beginning of the seventeenth century men became aware that the music up to that time (the Middle Age counterpoint) was not fitted to satisfy the newly awakened longing—the expression of the poem, definite meaning, dramatic representation.

Beethoven's Letters.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Concluded from page 138).

The first half of the Master's life in Vienna may, as far as external circumstances are concerned, be termed a comparatively happy one. As is evident, by the way, throughout his letters, he found sincere admirers, warm friends, and energetic patrons. The publishers disputed with each other for his compositions, which the artists about him zealously exerted themselves to execute in an appropriate manner. It is true, however, that the great mass of the public were rather lukewarm, and that the receipts of his "Academies" (concerts) sometimes scarcely covered the expenses. Count Wilbourski, one of the greatest musical amateurs of Russia, described to me, not long ago, how solitary he sat in the stalls, at the first performance of the *Pastoral Symphony*, and how, on being called for, Beethoven made him personally, so to speak, a bow, half friendly and half ironical. Beethoven drew, however, a tolerably respectable pension from several noblemen (by the State he was neither assisted nor distinguished*), and was enabled to devote himself to his art as his works of that period prove. Worthy of remark is the offer he made the Viennese management to write every year, for a fixed salary, a grand opera, and several smaller dramatic works. The offer was naturally not accepted—Beethoven had composed only *Fidelio* for the stage! He made, also, a fruitless attempt to "enter the actual Imperial service," and said: "meanwhile the title of Imperial *Capellmeister* would make him very happy; if this could be procured for him it would render his residence there much more pleasant." But nothing came of the matter. A brilliant offer from the King of Westphalia for him to go and settle at Cassel induced his patrons to give him the pension already mentioned; the pension was afterwards considerably diminished, in order to secure him for Vienna (?). The Master was meditating, likewise, during—we might almost say—the whole of his life, a grand professional tour, and yet, if we leave out of consideration short trips to watering places, he never quitted Vienna. His unhappy deafness may, with or without his knowledge, have been the obstacle which prevented him from undertaking anything of this kind. One's heart bleeds on reading, in a letter of the 2nd May, 1810, to Wegeler: "Yet I should be happy, perhaps one of the happiest of men, had not the Demon fixed his abode in my ears. Had I not read somewhere that a man must not voluntarily give up this life as long as he can perform a good action, I should long since have been no more—and by my own hand. O, life is so beautiful, but for me it is for ever poisoned!"

Friend Breuning was right enough in advising Beethoven not to adopt his nephew. This unfortunate step, taken with the most noble motives, occasioned Beethoven perhaps more sorrow than all his illness and deafness, and, at any rate dragged him into a labyrinth of wretched troubles. He confided the boy to various teachers and institutions, in which, at one time, he had confidence, and, at another, not; he desired that his charge should honor his mother (whom the Master himself despised†), but that he should see her as little as possible, and never alone; he endeavored to subject his own mode of life to all kinds of re-

straint for his nephew's sake, the only result generally being to derange the youth; and, to the very end of his existence, he imposed upon himself duties evidently beyond his strength. To all this must be added dealings with lawyers, actions-at-law, and annoyances of every description. Yet we instinctively perceive from all this that it was grateful to feel like a father—to be able to call a human being *his*; to name that being *son*. To a man of such profound sentiments it must, after a time, be a fearful deprivation, to have with one's fellow creatures no stronger relations than the light, superficial ones which result from the absence of any family. Beethoven was justified in complaining, and we ought to take part in his sorrow. But, had he been the father of a family, would he have preserved all his powers for such unceasing artistic productivity as that which he displayed? We have a right to doubt it.

How ready Beethoven was to aid and assist others is evident from very many of the present letters. He seizes, with absolutely fiery zeal, on certain opportunities for doing so, and was certainly as sincere as it is possible to be when he wrote to Herr Varenna, Kammer-Procurator (Attorney of the Exchequer) at Gratz: "Never, from my earliest childhood, did my zeal for assisting with my art, whenever I could, poor, suffering humanity, yield to aught else, and nothing more is requisite than the inward satisfaction which always accompanies what is good." It often strikes us that we perceive a desire on his part, despite the art which so completely engrossed him, of finding extra occupation in the active life of the world. But to so colossal an organization as his, I hardly know what would not appear restricted and pitiful, and he could feel *well* only when, raised above everything earthly, he roamed in that world which is the sole one really free.

While, however, the mighty Master willingly extended a helping hand to every one far and near, and displayed a friendly and obliging nature, his violence and distrust produced really volcanic convulsions in his intercourse with his best friends. Of this fact, also, there is ample proof in his letters—on every one of his most intimate friends is the death-sentence at some time or other pronounced—as the sentence is, however, not intended to be carried out, a pardon arrives sooner or later, but always early enough.

These letters grow sadder and sadder as they approach the end. We find continual bother caused by the nephew, and in addition, pecuniary questions compelling Beethoven to diplomate with publishers; to look up heroes for dedications; to sacrifice his works to inefficient Musical Societies; nay more, even to publish for too trifling productions; indeed, we should begin to feel quite nervous did we not know with whom we had to deal. Then, too, his domestic life, if we may so designate it, was of such a kind that he felt impelled or obliged on one occasion to shy "half-a-dozen books at his housekeeper's head," and, on another, to hurl "his heavy bedroom footstool at her body," as in order to obtain a day's repose. Good Frau Streicher, to whom the sorrowful effusions concerning his household differences were addressed, must, at times, have had some difficulty in suppressing a smile, when the great Beethoven writes: "She has, in addition to her 12 Kreutzers bread money, a roll in the morning; is this the case with the kitchen-maid also? A roll makes 18 florins a year." But she interested herself, with sisterly love and care, for the poor, tormented man—and thus her old age is connected with reminiscences of Beethoven, just as her husband's youth was connected with reminiscences of Schiller.

It was at this wretched time, that the *Ninth Symphony* and the *Missa Solemnis* were written! A Victory of the mind over the most wretched and contemptible combination of worldly things, which for energy and grandeur is not inferior to any of the most renowned battles ever fought!

No opinions of Beethoven respecting contemporary composers appear in this correspondence, if we except a letter to Cherubini which is, it is true, of a business nature, but breathes a spirit of the highest esteem for the Parisian master. Beethoven, however, troubled himself probably very

* "—for Austria occasions me annoyance and gives me nothing towards a livelihood." p. 236.

† We trust the Editor will pardon us for remarking that it was certainly unnecessary to defile a collection of Beethoven's Letters with the dirty stories at page 253.

little about his contemporaries. What cares such a leviathan for all the small fry that swim around, without ever being able to disturb him in his course?

Of the 399 Letters in the collection only about ten date from the last century. Concerning the period when the mightiest development of this wonderful man's mind was going on, we find in this book nothing new, though in his later years there is very much that needs explanation, and very much that is completely unknown. How greatly is it to be desired that Otto Jahn would no longer defer fulfilling the promise he made the world of music to write Beethoven's Biography! He is particularly adapted for the task. It is to his archeological sagacity, to his love for collecting, to his acute judgment, and to his artistic penetration that we are indebted for the fact of having obtained a true notion of Mozart's life and nature, and who does not most fervently wish to do the same in the case of his beloved Beethoven?

We might compare the Titanic Master to our magnificent river, the Rhine, that makes itself a way through rocks and hills, becoming more and more powerful as it flows along, and spreading happiness and blessings around. How insignificant do the blocks of stone become, which, here and there, cause it to be covered with foam, and the sandbanks that appear at intervals, if we look down into its depths and give ourselves up with our whole soul to the contemplation of its pure grandeur! How many future generations will feel themselves refreshed, strengthened and elevated by its waters!

Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

The great violinist Ernst was, on the 8th of October, at Nice, released from the sufferings to which he had so long been subject. As a practical *virtuoso* he had long been lost to art, but not as an artist, for in the latter years of his life he devoted himself to composition, especially the composition of violin-quartets. Of these we will speak presently.

Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst was born at Brünn, Moravia, in the year 1814. His talent was soon manifested, and so rapidly developed that he played in public when only a boy of ten. After 1825, he pursued his artistic education in Vienna, principally under Joseph Böhm, subsequently also Joachim's master; he profited by the example and advice of Mayseder; and in the theory of harmony and composition enjoyed the lessons of Seyfried. Four years later, he set out upon his first professional tour, exciting, especially at Munich, and afterwards at Frankfurt and Stuttgart, great interest by the early maturity of his talent. On his return to Vienna, an unhappy passion, it is said, occasioned even then those fits of melancholy to which he was subsequently often liable. In the year 1831 or 1832, he went to Paris, where he played first at the Theatre des Italiens. He remained in Paris for several years. He studied the violinists of the French school, and, above all, became De Beriot's most zealous pupil, the result being that his style, even then distinguished for perfect artistic intelligence and execution, gained also in elegance.

After his sojourn in Paris he first travelled through Holland, giving, at the commencement of 1839, several concerts in Paris, and achieving one success after the other on his continued professional travels, in the course of which he went through almost every country in Europe. The first place he visited was Southern Germany, especially Vienna (1840), where he excited incredible enthusiasm; he then went to the principal towns in North Germany, returning several times to Berlin, as well as to Leipsic, Dresden, &c.; travelled through Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and, subsequently to 1844, passed several seasons in London; indeed, during the years which immediately preceded his stay at Nice, he found, so to say, a second home in England.

Some fifteen years ago, Ernst married a young lady who was studying for the stage at the Paris Conservatory. Madlle. Siona Levy excited at

that time great expectations by her decided histrionic talent, and people saw in her a future successor of Rachel. After her marriage with Ernst, she sometimes gave dramatic recitations at his concerts, and fully realized by these recitations the expectations she had raised; but, very soon after she had achieved this success, she was compelled to renounce art, and could do nothing but devote herself to the care of her husband, whose state continued to get worse and worse.

The last time of Ernst's being in England was in the spring of 1863. The reason of his going there was a faint hope of recovery. Edward Bulwer-Lytton, one of the staunchest of his many friends in England, had prevailed upon him to put himself under hydropathic treatment at Malvern. Dr. Wilson, the celebrated principal of the hydropathic establishment there, came himself to London, on purpose to fetch Ernst, and, with the latter and Madame Ernst, set off for Malvern at the end of April. The warmest wishes of all artists and of all his friends accompanied the *virtuoso* whom the English rightly called "the most poetic" of all violinists; but the realization of their wishes was not destined to become a fact; Ernst's apparent recovery of strength did not last long, and he returned, probably with very faint hopes in his own breast, to Nice.

The manager of the London Monday Popular Concerts, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, wishing to pay a mark of respect to the invalid traveller, included his quartet in B flat major in the programme of the concert given on the 27th of April. The work had already been very well received at the same concerts the previous summer, and was now rehearsed by MM. Vieuxtemps, Wiener, Webb, and Piatti, at the house of a Mr. Benson, where Ernst resided. The composer, who had previously heard it played only by amateurs, was very much delighted, and thanked the performers most warmly.*

The Quartet was one of the three (the other two are in A and C) in the composition of which the artist sought consolation for his bodily sufferings, from which he was scarcely ever free during the last nine or ten years of his life. In October, 1864, he was once more in Paris, where MM. Holmes (the admirable artistic brothers), Jacquard and Ney played him two of the above Quartets. Stephen Heller wrote of these compositions, at the time, in the following terms:—

"We will not attempt, by a dry analysis, to give an idea of these works, so important from their scope as well as their inward worth. We must not expect to find in them the amiable composer of the *Otello* and *Pirata* Fantasias, but we recognize in them the creator, become greater and more clear, of the 'Elegie' and of the Violin Concerto in F sharp major. All that those two works promised is here fulfilled, and we behold an artist of noble nature who has attained the summit of his powers. These Quartets can have been written only by an artist who has continuously studied and himself performed a hundred times the works of the great masters in this branch of composition. From beginning to end, the style is invariably noble, and nowhere do we find aught like cowardly complaisance for inartistic or frivolous ears. The beauty of these works is serious and severe, and of the kind which alone secures for a work a future. It must not, however, be supposed, on this account, that they are deficient in melody; the slow movements especially contain expressive, taking, and frequently passionate song. The Scherzos are genuinely humorous; the first is distinguished for, we might almost say, epigrammatic brevity; the other, on the contrary, is well worked out and contains instances of harmonic and rhythmical daring; neither of the two movements, however, reminds the hearer in the least of former creations of the kind, and that is a great merit. In one word: These Quartets announce the complete change of the great *virtuoso* into the composer and deserve the deepest attention on the part of all musicians and connoisseurs."[†]

One of these Quartets was, also, performed in June, 1864, at the "Ernst Concert" given in St. James's Hall, London, the proceeds being devoted to the benefit of the sufferer. At this concert, moreover, Joachim played Ernst's "Elegie," and Wieniawski, the Transcription of Schubert's

* *The Musical World*, No. 17, 1863.

† *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, No. 45, 1864.

"Erlkönig," while Mad. Dustmann and Sims Reeves were the singers.

As most persons are aware, Ernst published, during his career as a *virtuoso*, many compositions intended principally to exhibit his play in all its brilliancy. How could he, when his time was taken up by his never-ending professional tours throughout Europe, find leisure for the creation of large serious works? A horrible doom procured him this leisure, though in so fearful a manner. But even among his *virtuoso* compositions there are a few, some of which in parts, and others throughout (as is the case with the celebrated "Elegie") display a feeling for, and appreciation of, what is elevated and beautiful in Art. His Concerto in F sharp major, too, is a work of this class.

It was, however, as an executant that he was greatest. He was the first since the days of Spohr to combine a truly poetic rendering of the melody with grandeur of tone, for grandeur of tone merely does not by any means constitute soulful song upon the violin. To this, as we are all aware, was added eminent technical skill, thanks to which the greatest difficulties, which he himself was often the first to create (*Otello*-Fantasia, "Carnival of Venice") were executed with ease and grace, for elegance was among the most prominent qualities of his play. If the latter was not always equal during the latter years of his career as a *virtuoso*—not the same day for day and hour for hour, this was not exactly a matter for astonishment, if we take into consideration his peculiarity, common to all original artists, of being able to give himself up completely to the full swing of his inspiration only in those happy moments when his natural instinct burst forth, and hence he was reproached for this defect even in his very best years. At a subsequent period, this difference in the excellence of his playing was a natural consequence of his bodily condition, which, with want of strength, naturally produced a paralyzing languor of the mind. Thus as recently as the year 1854, we heard him at a morning concert (that is according to the London fashion a concert given between three and five o'clock in the afternoon) in the Hanover Square Rooms, play his *Otello*-Fantasia admirably, and the same evening we could scarcely recognize the same artist performing the same piece in Exeter Hall.

For seven or eight years, he resided at Nice, where, on the 8th October at two o'clock, death released him from an existence that was at last simply a burden. As a man, Ernst was respected and beloved, on account of his noble character and practical sympathy for human misfortune and misery, as well as on account of his wit and agreeable manners in the social intercourse of life. In addition to the leading inhabitants of Nice, a long line of poor, who did no less honor to the deceased, followed the corpse. Yet Ernst was anything but rich; it was not from his superfluity that he gave; he denied himself a great deal in order not to withdraw from the needy whom he had once assisted the gift to which they were accustomed. The corpse has been temporarily deposited in a vault, but there can be no doubt that his friends and companions in art will take care that he has a resting place worthy of him.

L. B.

ON ENCORES.—Not long since, while reading a notice of a concert, we were struck by the following sentence: "Not the least pleasant feature of the evening's performance was the fact that not a single *encore* was even asked for." Here's a writer after our own heart! Here's a text upon which one can expatiate to advantage!

The next day, in reading another paper, we were delighted to observe the following: "A vocalist was recently singing at a private concert, in Paris, when the company were so delighted that they clamored for an *encore*. The singer looked at her agent to see what she was to do, and he turned to the proprietor of the house with the remark, 'If it is to be an *encore*, it must be one for me also.' 'Tres bien,' was the reply. The young lady sang again, and the next day double the sum agreed upon was received." This was an agent to have indeed!

Let us look at it. Is not the whole system of *encores* a nuisance? What is more annoying than the persistent efforts of a few persons clapping their hands,

stamping their feet, or beating the floor with a cane, insisting on a performer repeating a *morceau*, either vocal or instrumental, even when it is plain to be seen that it is disagreeable and almost impossible for them to do so, already having nearly exhausted themselves in their efforts? And when they are obliged to acquiesce, what do they but begin in the middle of the piece and get through with it as soon as possible? The effect is gone and the beauty of the music destroyed, almost always.

Again, how absurd in the progress of an opera to interrupt the movement of the work and destroy the illusion by insisting on a singer, or singers, repeating the scene; you might as well ask a dramatic artist to do his dagger or dying scene over again—because you were pleased with it forsooth.

A certain amount of applause is proper, and is expected by all concert givers and operatic artists, but the whole *encore* business is, rest assured, a bore to the sensible portion of them.

When Gottschalk or Wohli play, they seem to expect to be *encored*; there is always the inevitable first refusal, by a bow and retiring, and on the audience renewing their noise, they always come the second time with alacrity and play something else, which, as they themselves established the precedent, the audience always expect and now demand.

To amateurs especially is applause agreeable, and in the case of a debutant, an *encore* must be flattering, but if the St. Cecilia, or any other amateur society, will take good advice well meant, they will always put on their programmes, "Encores not permitted."

—Buffalo Comm. Adv.

SEVILLE. Seville is still the city of the guitar, the fan, the song, and the fandango, the *ne plus ultra* *ana zeeiya mia* of the majo and bull-fighter, of the gipsy and contrabandist; the rendezvous of the most picturesque blackguards in the south of Spain, whose beds are on the steps of churches, who lounge and hang about the suburban tabernas, breakfast on a glass of water, and dine on an air on the guitar, argue among each other with the *najava* and other such arguments of point; make love to their neighbor's pocket, and know of heaven what they see of it through the golden juice of an orange, as they lie on their backs in the cool shade, a picture of contentment and sweet nothing-to-do. The town has preserved more of the character of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than of the Moorish period, of which, however, many vestiges remain. This is evinced in the style of the private houses of the nobility, the general appearance of the edifices, &c., which all denote the influence of Italian taste, and its happy combination with the Moorish style. The people themselves seem to have lost that grave, solemn, stern and melancholy mood of the Spaniard of the fifteenth century, which he inherited from the Moors, and to retain only that gay, brilliant *capa y espada*, devil-may-care humor of the seventeenth century in Spain, coupled with the more sombre types of the inquisitorial and inquisitioned, somewhat suspicious, jealous, and haughty spirit of Lope de Rueda, Calderon's and Vega's dramas. Seville is still in many points the city of pleasure and love of Beaumarchais-Rossini's *Barbier*. And look, there goes Almagro, on his prancing horse, gay and dashing, now dressed in velvets and filagree buttons, all sunshine and moonshine, invincible and *enamorado*, sending kisses to Rosina, who peeps at him behind her *mirador*. He is always that personification of youth, love and summer; and Rosina is always as pretty under her black mantilla, though she now reads French novels, and knows the names of Lor Biron y Saspur; and Figaro is not the *jeu qui*, and Figaro *la*, laughing, joking, running to and fro, all fuss and intrigue, all gossip and mirth, for his being raised to *sangrador y comadron*, and other high offices within his calling; nay, Bartolo himself is not dead, only now he dresses like an undertaker, is a man *di ano doce*, wears a diamond pin in his shirt, and a wide gold ring on the forefinger, and looks as sharp as ever, whether Rosina is dropping a bouquet or picking up a scented *esquelita*. Basilio is also alive, and there we may see him sneaking through the crowd, with his long *barco*, tile-shaped greasy hat, his worn-out *sotana*, his bilious skin, his hypocritical eyes: *vade retró!* and would that thou wert but a spectre of bygone times, and not a sad reality of the present! The other types, may they always remain, natural and charming offsprings of a land of sun and love; and all members of the immortal family of Mozart's and Byron's Don Juan, a pure Sevillano, of Don Miguel de Mañara, of Don Bustos Tavera, of La Estrella de Seville. The houses are superior to those of the rest of Andalusian cities, in style and appearance; they are generally of two or three stories, gaily painted outside, with lofty rooms, numerous *rejas*, charming patios, or inner courts, which, during the summer, are covered with an awn-

ing, and furnished with pianos, sofas, &c., for the evening *tertulia*, when the whole town is converted into a vast drawing-room. They are, moreover, decorated with brightly painted and gilt *miradores*, which, with their glass and flowers, look like conservatories suspended. A lengthened residence will be found more pleasant here than anywhere else in Spain.—*A Guide to Spain*; by H. O'Shea.

Musical Education in Prussia.

The following report was drawn up in the Ministry of Public Education in Prussia, and has been received through Earl Russell, from Her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin:

The study of music in Prussia enjoys a considerable range, in consequence of the numerous private establishments, whose founders and managers do that which in many other states is done by public Academies (*conservatoires*) at the expense of the State. Of such private establishments there are, for example, the Conservatoire of Music of Dr. Stern, the new Musical Academy of Professor Kullack, the Singing Academy, under the direction of Professor Grell, in Berlin, as well as the Conservatoire of music in Cologne, founded by a company (*Verein*) of friends of music, which is under the Director of Music, Herr Hiller. There is no want of similar private institutions in other larger provincial towns. No official reports are made upon them. Occasional reports are made in the programme of the Stern and Kullack establishments. Till now there has been no State Conservatoire for music in Prussia, and State money has only been exceptionally applied to such musical educational establishments, and more frequently for the support of extraordinary talents. With reference to the government provision for musical students, the Senate of the Berlin Academy of Arts has a section whose members, Messieurs Bach, Grell, and Taubert, conduct the musical division of the Academy. The annual cost of this division, in which instruction is given in the theory of music and the art of composition, amounts to about 1,800 thalers. The number of pupils is not fixed.

In the Royal Institute of Church Music at Berlin, under the direction of Professor Bach, with four teachers, instruction is given to twenty pupils in organ playing, pianoforte playing, violin and singing gratis, as well as in the theory and the history of music. The annual expenses of this institution amount to 2,807 thalers.

One academical musical institute exists at the Royal University at Breslau, having one director and two teachers, with salaries amounting to 450 dollars, and a similar one at Königsberg, with two teachers. Other universities have likewise offices of teachers of music.

Singing forms an element of education at gymnasium schools and other educational establishments. Instruction in music, that is, in organ playing, pianoforte playing, violin playing, and singing, is given in the school-teachers' seminaries, at which the organists and chorists are educated, theoretically and practically, in music. Besides the above-named teaching schools of this character, there is a formation school for singing for the persons belonging to the cathedral choir (*Dom-chor*), and one for singing and instrumental music at the Royal Opera.

Berlin, the 5th July, 1865.

Musical Correspondence.

"L'Africaine" in New York.

NEW YORK, DEC. 4.—The principal musical event of the past two weeks has been the production of Meyerbeer's "*Africaine*" at the Academy of Music. So many accounts and analyses of this work, copied from European papers, have already reached the musical reading public of America, that a description of the plan, plot, and character of the opera is entirely unnecessary and uncalled for at this late date. And yet, among the mass of French, German and English criticisms upon the "*Africaine*," it is astonishing how very few we have met with, reliable, and bearing upon them the stamp of good faith. Aside from interested or mercenary motives, we have had the unconditional Meyerbeer worshipper, from incorrect M. Blaze de Bury down; his antipode, who goes to hear the Meyerbeer opera pre-determined to find nothing in it but good instrumentation and "effect-hashery;" and the countless herd of *smart* writers, who cover their superficial opinions and want

of sound musical knowledge, by unwitty witticisms, and covert sneers at what they do not more than half understand. In this barren desert of verbiage,—as our flowery old friend Saadi would probably remark,—how seldom do we find repose beneath the cooling palms of reflection, or listen to the reviving murmurs of the fountains of the oases of truth! One good effect of the want of weight in most of what we have read on the subject, is, that we go to a first hearing of the work with a mind almost fresh to receive impressions, and as much uninfluenced as it is possible to be.

After a careful study of the score, and an attentive public hearing, we find ourselves ranking "*L'Africaine*" as, if not wholly the first, at least among the best of Meyerbeer's operas. There is no occasion to repeat that it is finely instrumented, well calculated for scenic effect and for the singers, provided they possess natural and acquired powers beyond the common; these qualities we naturally expect, and usually find, in Meyerbeer's works. But what especially pleases us in this, is its remarkable spontaneity of melody, and of impassioned feeling, in the salient points of the action. The introduction, "*Adieu, mon doux rivage*" to the romance: "*Pour celle qui m'est chère*," sung by Inez, is very charming, although it failed of effect here, the difficult intervals not having been sung with perfect purity of intonation by Mlle. ORTOLANI. The romance itself is of an ordinary cast, though not unpleasing. The prayer: "*Dieu que le monde revère*" has been compared to the "*Bénédiction des pagnards*" in the *Huguenots*, but the comparison results vastly to the advantage of the latter, we think; this prayer is neither noble nor original in *motivo*, and obtains its effect principally from the sonority of bass voices in unison. The finale to this act is one of the finest things of the kind we know. The "*Air du Sommeil*," with which Selika opens the second act is agreeable, but not as original as it has been said to be (so any one who takes the trouble to compare its first *motivo* with Schubert's little known song, "*Der Leyermann*," will find). There are many dramatic moments in the duet between Selika and Vasco, the air sung by Nelusko, and the *ensemble* that concludes this act, but nothing of high significance.

The third act, on board ship, is, from a musical point of view, the weakest in the opera. The female chorus: "*Le rapide et léger navire*," with which it opens, and one of the best numbers, was entirely omitted here. The ballad: "*Adamastor roi des vagues*," sung by Nelusko, although effective, resembles many sea songs of a similar character. The whole of this act was very much "cut."

The fourth act is the finest of the opera; rich in melodies of no common order, filled with tone-pictures of the warmest and most sensuous coloring, it delights the ear, while at the same time it satisfies the intellect by its vivid illustration of what our imagination accepts as a semi-civilized ideal of tropical life. The passage sung by Nelusko: "*L'avoir tant adorée*," the long duo for soprano and tenor, the female chorus: "*Remparts de gaze*" (although this latter recalls to us the episode: "*Jetzt zurück in die Rosenlauben*" in Schumann's houri chorus, a little more than is necessary) are all *morceaux* of marked beauty. Another comparison has been often made between the love duet of this act and that of Raoul and Valentine in the *Huguenots*; it is hardly well founded, as they are so different in coloring; but at the same time neither loses by the comparison. After a duo between Inez and Selika, not very remarkable in contents or effect, we are led to the foot of the mangle tree. The scena sung by Selika is of the highest order of dramatic expression. This is preceded by some sixteen bars, *Andante cantabile*, played in unison by the strings. This passage, although a large and noble phrase, seems hardly equal to the excessive laudation it has received, and we cannot but think

that a great portion of its effect is due to the peculiar tone produced by the violins on the fourth string, the momentary absence of harmony, the impression produced by the scene, and especially by the return of harmony at the conclusion of the period. Still, this calculation of effect, even, is the merit of the composer. The finale was almost entirely cut out at this performance. Indeed, so much was omitted throughout the opera, that its representation did not last above four hours (!), including "waits" between the acts.

The best interpretations of the several characters were those of Vasco da Gama, and Nelusko, by Signori MAZZOLENI and BELLINI. The former appeared to better advantage than he has probably ever done before here, and the metallic quality of his voice admirably suited the music he had to sing. We only wished that Signor Mazzoleni could make a more effective and frequent use of the *mezza voce*. Signor Bellini, always a careful, as well as a gifted artist, increased his artistic reputation by his energetic representation of the semi-savage Nelusko. Mme. ZUCCHI looked a picturesque and glowing African, her voice was not always equal to the great requirements of the part, but her acting was undeniably dramatic. Mme. ORTOLANI was an agreeable and gently feminine Inez, but her vocal powers were hardly adequate.

Don Pedro found a weak (vocally speaking) representative in ANTONUCCI; the minor parts were inefficiently filled, and the chorus was insufficient and imperfect. A large number of persons appeared on the stage in the spectacular scenes, but how awkward and badly drilled were their evolutions! An amusing anachronism occurred in the "ship" act; this opens, in the original score (as we have mentioned above) with a chorus, sung by the ladies of Inez's suite, in her cabin; as this was omitted, some of the ladies, to beguile time while the sailors on deck were singing their chorus, unfolded and read the papers. Rather remarkable, when we remember that Gutenberg's invention only occurred a few years before the expeditions of Vasco da Gama. The scenes of the fourth and fifth acts reflect great credit on the painter CALYO, and are not devoid of truly artistic merit. The orchestra, considering the few rehearsals that were had, and the difficulties of a Meyerbeer score did remarkably well, under Mr. CARL BERGMANN'S attentive conductorship.

A great deal of wit, good and bad, has been expended on the plot of this opera, but we cannot see that it is more improbable than that of a hundred others. On the contrary, we find it less so, if we except two or three slight, but saliently unlikely incidents, such as the *map* scene, which we are astonished to find unmarked by so clear-sighted a mind as that of Meyerbeer, and in a man so sensitive to ridicule as he was. But the subject must have been highly attractive to a composer, presenting, as it does an idea—the struggle of adventurous genius against bigotry and envy—besides dramatic incident in abundance, and variety of coloring.

We have quoted above from Mr. Scribes' original libretto; it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the opera was sung in Italian by Maretzek's company.

Music Abroad.

Musical Notes from Vienna.

The Imperial city is progressing in the right direction, and bids fair soon to beat Berlin in the matter of really good, sterling music. It now possesses two Quartet Societies; Berlin at present does not know what a quartet means; at any rate, it never gets the chance of hearing one played in public. As a sort of standard by which our readers may form a notion of the state of musical matters, we give the following list, taken from the Vienna *Recensionen*, of the programmes recently issued by the various Societies

here:—Society of the Friends of Music, Six Concerts, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, on the 12th Nov., 3rd, 17th Dec., 1865, 25th Feb., 11th and 27th March, 1866. Among the larger compositions to be performed are "Gottes Zeit," Cantata for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra, Bach; all the music to *König Stephan*; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven;—Symphony in D, Cherubini;—"Erlkönigs Töchterlein," Ballad for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra, Gade;—"Suite for Orchestra" (new) Lachner;—*Legende von der heiligen Elizabeth*, for Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra, Liszt;—*Elijah*, Mendelssohn;—Symphony in B-minor, Schubert;—"Concertstück für Piano-forte und Orchestra," Weber.—Philharmonic. Eight Concerts, 5th, 19th, Nov., 10th, 26th, Dec., 1865, 14th, Jan., 18th Feb., 4th, 18th March, under Herr Dessoff, in the Opera-house. Among the larger compositions are included: *Columbus*, a Symphony, Abert;—"Passacaglia," (scored by Esser); Concerto for stringed instruments, Bach;—Symphonies, Nos 2, 3, 4; overture to *Coriolan*; and Op. 124, Piano-forte Concerto in G major, Beethoven;—"Marche Solennelle," Cherubini;—overture to *Iphigenia*, Gluck;—"Suite in canonischer Form," Grimm;—overture to *Sacrotula*, Goldmark;—"Water Music," Handel; Symphony in G, Haydn;—"Concert Overture," Hiller; overture to *Uthal*, Méhul; overture to *Ruy Blas*; Piano-forte Concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Symphony in A, Reinecke; Duet, Op. 140, arranged by Joachim for grand Orchestra; overture to *Fierabras*; interlude to *Rosamunde*, Schubert; Symphony in D minor, Schumann; overture to *Samoré*, Vogler; Violin Concerto in A minor, Viotti.—Helmberger's Quartet-Evenings, 12th, 26th Nov., 3rd and 7th Dec., 1865, 14th, 21st, 28th January, 4th February: Concerto for Piano-forte, Flute, Violin, and Accompaniment; Concerto in C major for two Pianos, with Accompaniment, Bach; Quartets, Op. 18, F major; Op. 59, C major; Op. 74, E flat major; Op. 127, E flat major; Op. 130, B flat major; Op. 135, F major; Quintet in C major; Piano-forte Trio in D major, Beethoven; Quintet, Hager; Quartets in B flat major, G minor, Haydn; Quartet in E minor, Mendelssohn; Quartet in A major, Mozart; Quartet (MS), Preyer; Piano-forte Quartet, Rubinstein; Quintet in C major; Piano-forte Trio flat in B major, Schubert; Quartet in F major; Piano-forte trio in F major, Schumann; Quartet in G major, Spohr. Laub's Quartet-Evenings, 9th, 16th, 30th November, 7th, 14th, 28th December, 1865, 4th, 11th January, 1866. Piano-forte-Violin Sonata, Bach; Sonata in A for Piano-forte and Violin; Quartets, Op. 18, B flat major; and Op. 135; Quintet in E flat major; Septet in E flat major, Beethoven; four Quartets, Haydn; Quartet in D major, Mendelssohn; Stringed Trio; Quintet in C major, Mozart; Quartet, Richter; Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin in A minor, Rubinstein; Quartet in E minor; Double Quartet in D minor, Spohr; Quartet in E minor, Volkmann. In reference to the above, the *Recensionen* makes the following observations:—"The concert programmes for the season about to commence have not disappointed the belief we expressed, some short time since, that the managers of the various concert-enterprises would endeavor this year to present the public with something especially interesting. These gentlemen appear to be at length convinced that they can no longer get on with old compositions alone, however beautiful and however classical those compositions may be. The apathy, the indifference, manifested by the public last season, was, probably, the cause which induced them to come to this conviction. On the present occasion, we find *novelty* much more copiously represented than formerly. The Society of the Friends of Music give us two *grand modern works*, a 'Suite' by Lachner, and Liszt's *Heilige Elizabeth*, with two *grand old works*, also new for Vienna: the Symphonies by Cherubini and Schubert; if, in addition to this, we reflect that Beethoven's complete music to *König Stephan* may almost be reckoned a novelty, and that the execution of the 'great Ninth,' with the admirable chorus of the Society, is something exceedingly interesting, we see—especially as, according to report, this year the reed instruments, hitherto the weak side of the Society's orchestra, will be in admirable force—that everything possible will be done to render the Society's concerts attractive. The Philharmonics, too, step forth, this year, from out their ultra Conservatism, and present us with *five new modern works*, three considerable ones (a 'Suite' by Grimm, and Symphonies by Abert and Reinecke, and two shorter ones (overtures by Goldmark and Hiller). To these they add two old works, *new here*; Handel's 'Water Music' and Joachim's Orchestral Arrangement of Schubert's Duet, Op. 140.—It is with pleasure, too, that we see Hellmesberger's Quartet (in which Herr Hofmann takes the second, in the place of Herr Durt, who has retired) return to its former practice of introducing novelties; we find in the programme

three new works (in eight concerts there would, by the bye, have been room for a fourth, we should say), by Rubinstein, Preyer, and Hager. We have more than ordinary pleasure in greeting the last name, after it has been so long absent from our concert bills. That, at his eight Quartet Concerts, Herr Laub should give us only *two new works* by Richter and Volkmann, is a course of which, with our principles, we cannot by any possibility approve."

LEIPZIG. The Orchestra's correspondent writes (Nov. 7):

The long winter evenings have already begun to make their appearance, and the Gewandhaus concerts, the chief attraction for the musical public at Leipsic, have recommenced.

In the first concert of the 5th ult., the instrumental pieces comprised Beethoven's Overture, Op. 124; Schubert's C major Symphony; and a Violin Concerto (No. 5, D minor) composed and performed by Herr Ferd. David. The vocal pieces—air from "Elias," "Höre, Israel, höre des Herren Stimme" (Mendelssohn), and a recitative and cavatina from Glinka's new opera, "Russlan und Ludmilla," were well given by Frau von Kotschetoff, from St. Petersburg, who was, however, heard to most advantage in Schubert's charming song, "Wohin?" in the second concert of the 12th ult. She is quite a new appearance in Germany. Her voice (mezzo-soprano) is pleasing and of good school, but she does not possess that command over it which is necessary in the air from Weber's "Euryanthe," "Er konnte mich um sie verschmäh'n," which she sang in the last-named concert. Warmth of expression and pathetic feeling were quite missing. Frl. Agnes Zimmermann, from London, gave Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, for which she obtained well-earned applause, although the tempo taken was altogether scampering.

In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Goethe's being enrolled as a Leipsic student on Oct. 19, 1765, Beethoven's music to "Egmont" was performed in the third concert, the two *solis* being sung by Frau von Kotschetoff. Schumann's D minor symphony and two divertissements for the harp by Herr Franz Pointz, formed rest of the programme. The instrumental pieces in this as well as in the other concerts that have as yet taken place, are so familiar to the *habitués*, and in fact to the musical world at large, that a comment on them would be needless.

The first concert for chamber-music was held on the 21st ult. The selection on this occasion was as follows:—Quartet, D major—*Allegro di molto, Adagio affettuoso, Allegretto alla Zingaresse, Presto scherzando*—Haydn; Grand Quartet, B major, Op. 130—Beethoven; Quintet, G minor—Mozart. All these numbers were nobly represented by Concertmeister David and Röntgen (violin), Herrmann and Hunger (viola), and Lübeck (violinello). The second and fifth movements—*presto* and *cavatina*—in Beethoven's Quartet were remarkably well led by David, and repented by general desire.

Frau von Szarvady (Wilhelmine Clauss), the celebrated pianist from Paris, is to give two or three recitals here, towards the latter end of the month.

Ullmann, the impresario, who has been lately grazing in Berlin with his troupe, gives his *unwiderruflich letzte Concerte*—positively last concerts—in January. They will probably take place, as before, in the Central Hall. His net profits here last winter are said to have amounted to 4,684 thaler, 15 groschen (£700). Not bad!

And again, Nov. 9:

The second concert of the Euterpe-Verein, which took place yesterday, can without doubt be regarded as an important event in the musical life of this town. Since these concerts, now so firmly established in public favor, were first instituted, indefatigable research and industry on the part of the director and the members of the orchestra have never been wanting, and it is to this that their present prosperous issue may be traced.

Gluck's imperishable work, "Orpheus and Eurydice," formed the programme of last evening's concert. The room was literally thronged, and certainly every lover of music left at the conclusion with feelings of gratitude to the direction who have so well succeeded in constructing the cyclas of concerts hitherto given. Who can fail to be moved by the piercing cries of anguish with which Orpheus interrupts the sweet sensitive song of the weeping nymphs, or at the grace of *Eurydice*; the charming melody with which he touches the hearts of the demons who refuse him admittance into the realm of shades; the majestic chorus of these dismal beings who, in different gradations, express now their anger, then their emotion; the masterly duet of Orpheus and Eurydice, now restored to life; the whole scene of the dangers encountered, which he pictures

with such poetic fire; the weakness of *Eurydice*, and the final step of despair! All these numbers are gems of harmony and musical expression.

Hector Berlioz describes the first scene in the second act as one of the highest aspirations of Gluck, where it says:—

Tödlicher Schrecken, Entsetzen ergreife ihn,
Wenn ihm mit schrecklichem Drohen
Den Eingang der Cerberus wehrt.

This passage was most brilliantly rendered by the orchestra, as, indeed, the whole work was. The "*Eurydice*" and "*Amor*" were given by Frau Julienne Hirsch (the wife of a wealthy citizen) with consummate mastery and overpowering expression. Frä. Baer, from Berlin, as *Orpheus*, made a favorable impression by her fine voice, but false intonation in the high notes and a rather monotonous delivery frequently impaired the effect of the part. The Paris edition of the score was made use of in this performance, but the arrangements for piano (of which the one edited by Peters, of Leipzig, deserves attention) had also been compared. The whole performance reflected great credit both on the director and members of the Euterpe-Verein.

The Schiller-Verein of Leipzig celebrates to-morrow the anniversary of the poet's natal day. The programme of the festivities is as follows:—Friday, 16th November.—Anniversary of Schiller's Birthday, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Procession from the Oberschenke Tavern at Gohlis* to the Schiller-haus; decoration of the tablet in the parish school-room and distribution of books to industrious children. At 7 o'clock in the evening, in the Saloons of the Hotel de Pologne, Concert. Overture to "*Turandot*," Franz Lachner; Address on dramatic poetry, by Professor O. Marbach; Overture, "*Wilhelm Tell*," Rossini. Wedding March from "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," Mendelssohn; Air from "*Fidelio*," Frä. Karg; Recital, Frä. Goetz; (a) "*The Fisher*" (Goethe), song, with accompaniment, M. Hauptmann; (b) "*The Maiden's Lament*" (Schiller), Franz Schubert—Frä. Clara Schmidt; Symphony, F major, No. 8, Beethoven.

The theatre direction announces for Saturday, Schiller's "*Maria Stuart*" in Italian (translated by Maffei), with the renowned Adelaide Ristori del Grillo as the heroine (her only appearance). Although the prices of admission are doubled, I hear just now that the house is already sold out.

In the fourth Gewandhaus Concert (we translate from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*) M. Saint-Saëns, of Paris, appeared in a piano-forte Concerto of his own composition and in several pieces of J. S. Bach. If not as a composer, yet as an executant in every case, especially as an interpreter of the works of Bach, his reception was flattering at Leipzig, as it had been a few days before at Frankfurt. The manner in which Bach's instrumental music has been arranged by M. Saint-Saëns for the piano, denotes a consummate musician, one profoundly initiated into the style of the great John Sebastian. The other pieces in the concert were Gade's Overture "*In the Highlands*," the Ballet airs of Gluck's *Orpheus*, and Beethoven's 7th Symphony.

BERLIN. The *Weekly Review* (New York), says:

The German papers abound with criticisms on Carlotta Patti and her sister Adelina, who visit every city in Europe with the same rapidity as the cholera, but seem to be less endemic than epidemic. It must be noticed, however, that the critics speak more about the gentlemen who accompany Carlotta Patti than about that lady herself. Thus Mr. Gumprecht, the blind critic of the Berlin *National Zeitung* (undoubtedly the best critic in Germany and perhaps in Europe) speaks with great delight of the performances of Chamber music by Messrs. F. David, Viouxtemps, and Patti, and thinks that a more perfect execution of the classical masters never has been heard before. He animadverts, however, pretty severely upon Mr. Alfred Jaell's piano playing in the trio which he played with David and Patti. Mr. Gumprecht thinks that Jaell tried too much to show by his "*bravura*," and that he split the last movement of Schumann's trio into atoms. The scherzo was, as Mr. G. says, "entirely smothered by the leaden weight of the accents."

The violoncellist referred to above as Patti and as Pitti, is doubtless Piatti, of London. And is the said Herr Gumprecht a better critic than Ferdinand Hiller for instance?

* A little village close to Leipzig.

† The house in Gohlis where Schiller lived and wrote his "*Lied an die Freude*," to which Beethoven set music in his 9th Symphony.

PARIS. The season for the Concerts of Popular Classical Music was inaugurated in Paris at the old locality, the Cirque Napoleon, again under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. The programme comprised the overture to *Oberon*, Haydn's Symphony, No. 4 Beethoven's Symphony in A major, and the *Canzonetta* Movement from Mendelssohn's Quartet, Op. 12. The *Canzonetta* was re-demanded with acclamations. At the second concert the following pieces were given:—March by Meyerbeer, Symphony in G minor by Mozart, Allegretto un poco Agitato (Op. 50), by Mendelssohn, Overture to *Fidelio*, No. 3, Beethoven, and Fragments from the Septuor of Beethoven. The programme of the third concert on Sunday last, included the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven; the overtures to *Geneviève de Brabant* (Schumann) and *Loreley* (Wallace); the Grand "*Moreau d'Unisson*," from the *Africaine*; and Mozart's Quintet in A, for clarinet and strings. The *larghetto* of the Quintet was re-demanded. In addition, a Belgian violinist, M. Jacques Dupuis, professor at the Conservatoire of Liège, played Mendelssohn's Concerto, had a good success, and was warmly applauded.

The correspondent of the London *Musical World* attended the representation of Duprez's opera *Jeanne D'Arc*, and was not very favorably impressed; he says:

M. Duprez is not wanting in a certain tunefulness, but it is tune of a very common kind, and I find no one bar in the new opera either original or refined. His instrumentation is feeble and lacks color and character, but still it indicates some knowledge of harmony, and, if not striking, is certainly not botchwork. The execution was far from excellent, nor, indeed, was everything done that possibly could be done to accomplish a success. As, however, every Frenchman present was anxious about the first work of their quondam superlative tenor, a certain success was inevitable, and so *Jeanne d'Arc* has been chronicled as having made a great hit and as likely to influence the future art-inspirations of the composer. I have not the least objection that M. Duprez should enjoy his triumph—he has done his best to earn it,—and has been a glorious artist in his day; but, between ourselves, when next he writes an opera, I hope I may not be present to hear it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 9, 1865.

Symphony Concerts.

At last we are to have again some Orchestral Concerts here in Boston; such concerts as the lovers of the highest kind of music have for several years sadly felt the want of,—a want not supplied by the Afternoon Concerts of the Orchestral Union, which, attractive as they are in their way, never have pretended to take the place of the old evening ("Philharmonic") concerts, but only to serve as accessory to them, studying amusement rather more than Art, addressing themselves in a great measure to the children, and, if they have given us a good many Symphonies, for which we may be thankful, yet outlining them, as it were, with much too small an orchestra. In a word they have been cheap, popular concerts, with rich things always in their programmes, but not with any earnest and artistic unity of programme. Even our larger concerts have commonly been faulty in the programmes, for the reason that they have been speculative enterprises, in which it was necessary to cater to incongruous varieties of taste to fill the hall. This, and the want of any permanent organization, any thing established and sure to come round without need of a painful and hazardous experiment *de novo* every winter, at last sapped the confidence of the very class of people who have classical music (to use a worn-out term for want of a better) the most at heart; the hard-pressed subscription barely brought more than half-performance of the good things promised, and this before audiences in which one missed the

really musical persons. Then came distractions, like the War, the overshadowing Great Organ (while that was a novelty), and finally the monopoly of the musicians by the theatres, so that it has been impossible on any evening to unite even such moderate orchestra as Boston can at best afford for a fair rendering of a Symphony.

Meanwhile, to be sure, we have not suffered musical starvation. We have had other good things, in other forms, oratorios, chamber music, visitations of German opera, &c. Still none of these could quite make good our loss; a fountain, by many remembered as sweeter than all these, was closed. The truth is, a city is below character, musically, so long as it is unprovided with sure and regular supplies of great orchestral music. Boston without its concerts answering to those of the "Philharmonic Societies" of other cities, of the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, the Conservatoire in Paris, &c., must not boast itself a musical city. If we could spend sixty thousand dollars on an Organ, we should count six times sixty cheap for this. At all events, the most conscious musical want of our community for a long time has been that of orchestral concerts worthy of our character as a people of taste.

At last a hope has sprung up, and from a new quarter. As will be seen by the advertisement on our first page, the Harvard Musical Association, a society of gentlemen interested in music simply on grounds of higher culture, wishing to have it take its equal rank among the "humanities" not only of the University at Cambridge, but of the University of American life, announce a series of Six "Symphony Concerts." The plan has some hopeful features, which entitle it to peculiar consideration.

1. It is not a money-making speculation. There is no possible motive for undertaking it except the desire of good music, and the hope of doing a good thing for Art in Boston. Every dollar received will be spent in making the concerts more perfect. The musicians of course must be paid for their labor, as must the printer and the doorkeeper; but the organizers and sponsors of the concerts have only their labor (with some risk) for their pains.

2. It is no issuing of proposals for an uncertain enterprise. There is no *if* about it; no contingency of filling a subscription paper; the announcement is positive; the concerts *will be given*. The members of the Association among themselves are pledged for a sufficient number of season tickets to make the thing financially sure before inviting the co-operation of the public. A goodly audience, of the best character that could be assembled, is already made up; now they open the subscription list to all.

3. The concerts are so well guaranteed as to have no motive for catering to any interests but the higher one of Art. They have no need to sink their character to make them pay.

4. The determination is to make them as good in matter and in execution as the orchestral means of Boston (too limited indeed!) will allow. But if we cannot have a great orchestra, we can make out a very respectable one of fifty instruments or more and one point we can at least secure, that of *pure programmes*, which one excellence, persisted in, will be a greater gain than we have yet had opportunity to realize except in small chamber-concert circles. By *pure programmes* is meant those into which nothing enters which is not in good taste, artistic, genial, such as outlives fashion; nothing which is coarse, hacknied, shallow, "sensational" in a poorer sense; nothing which does not harmonize by contrast or affinity with all the other pieces, and serve a general unity of design; nothing which tends to make a senseless medley of a concert, and to rudely turn us out from the charmed sphere in which a Beethoven has held us into a maudlin or a vulgar element. For us Americans, in our comparatively infantile and unsettled stage of musical taste, such purity of pro-

gramme may reasonably exclude many things, especially new things, which would be perfectly safe for audiences in Germany. We need at least one set of concerts in which we may hear only composers of unquestioned excellence. When we are so well acquainted with these, that we can afford to be curious about novelties, and in hearing such know how to judge them from a real standard of the best, then we too, like the Europeans, may do well sometimes to vary the old story by seeking if there be any good in Wagner, Liszt, Raff and others of the so-called "Future." But now we had better be learning the taste of wholesomer and pleasanter and better food. When we really know the good wine, we shall not be deceived by the bad; but if we begin with promiscuous mingling of all kinds, we never shall know the good. It is therefore designed to keep these concerts, this one set of concerts, in this sense pure. There are plenty of opportunities to hear the other things, the "effect" pieces, the hacknied things, the questionable things, the things which set the hands and feet of the crowd going, but which bore the man of musical taste and feeling, in all the other concerts more or less. Will you not allow us to have one place, where a certain unity of tone and purpose reigns, sacred to the immortal and unquestioned master spirits of our Art, one place for culture? Must every experiment be vitiated and made neutral by the admission of incongruous elements? It will at least be something to hear a Symphony in right connections.

5. But programmes may be pure, even in a more exclusive sense than is here proposed, and yet not be dull or heavy. Charming variety, freedom from ennui, and constant renewal of delight are perfectly possible in a concert where everything is artistic and by unquestioned masters. All depends on the selection, grouping, proportioning, contrasting of the materials. This will be matter of careful study in the preparation of these six concerts. Each will contain a Symphony, in which form Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, at least, will be represented, and preference to some extent will be given to the less familiar; all being of unquestioned excellence, we can afford to let some of the greatest which we have heard so often yield their turn for once to others which are also great. One of the greater Overtures, too, will each time be chosen on the same principle; and perhaps also one lighter one. There will be Concertos by Mr. Dresel, Mr. Lang, and others, and perhaps sometimes a Violin Concerto, with smaller solos of the nicer kind.

The engagement of distinguished artists, however, will depend on the sale of tickets; but in no case will singer or player be introduced to the injury of the general unity and spirit of the programme. A really good singer who will sing good things, or else none at all! But various resources are at the command of the Committee for giving variety and fresh charm to these concerts. A male chorus of members of the Harvard Musical Association and others will probably sing in one or more concerts, with orchestra, some of the *Antigone* choruses of Mendelssohn, and things from Weber, Cherubini, &c., seldom if ever heard here. The entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" music with female chorus may form the second part of a concert; selections from Gluck's *Orpheus* may serve a similar purpose. Hummel's Septet will be sure to please. None of these (and more things) can yet be absolutely promised; we name them only as a hint of the kind of variety aimed at.

6. The concerts will be given on Thursday afternoons, from 4 to 6 o'clock, when it is late enough to light up, but not too late for suburban to get home to tea or a late dinner. It is thought that this time will prove convenient and pleasant to the largest number of concert-goers. Of course the evening is the natural time for such things, but the theatre engagements of the musicians make it impossible to collect a sufficient orchestra on any evening in the week.

Thursday afternoon will have at least the charm of novelty. We shall see how the experiment will work. The first concert will be given on the 28th inst.

7. Finally, it is the belief of those who have undertaken this enterprise, that a fair measure of success in this experimental series will "pave the way to a permanent organization of Orchestral Concerts, whose certain periodical recurrence and high, unpromising character may be always counted on in future by the friends of good music in Boston." It is in fact the first step in a plan for bringing together the many lovers and longers for this kind of music who never yet have been united by any concerts on the old plans. It seeks to organize the audience for Symphony and other kindred music; so that in fact the more musical audience gives the concerts, and thus controls them and keeps the programmes up to a truer standard than they are ever likely to keep in the hands of those who give concerts only to make money.

CONCERTS AT HAND. The announcements for the month to come are many and of much interest.

This evening, at Chickering's, the third of the delightful Soirées of Messrs. KREISSMANN and LEON HART.

Monday and Wednesday evenings, Master RICHARD COKER, the boy soprano with the wonderful voice, gives concerts at the Music Hall, assisted by Mrs. J. S. Cary, contralto, Mr. Weeks, tenor (from New York), Mr. Lang, pianist, and Henri Mollenhauer, violoncellist.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB make a strong beginning next Tuesday evening of their 17th Season of four Chamber Concerts. Programme very rich: Quintet for piano and wind instruments, op. 16, by Beethoven, with aid of J. C. D. Parker, pianist, Hamann, horn, Ribas, oboe, and Eltz, bassoon; (first time);—Mozart's E-flat Quintet, No. 5;—Quartet No. 15, in A-minor, Op. 132, Beethoven (first time). Important additions to the repertoire for the following concerts are named in the advertisement.

Thanksgiving evening, a miscellaneous concert in Tremont Temple (Miss Adams, soprano, Miss Ryan, contralto, Mr. J. Whitney, tenor, Mr. Ryder, basso).

Saturday, 16th, Kreissmann and Leonhard again.

During the following week we may look for the return of Mme. PAREPA and the other members of the Batemann troupe, minus Mr. Danneuth, whom we shall miss. Some half a dozen concerts will be given; and then:

Mme. PAREPA, on the Saturday evening before Christmas will lend her admirable aid to the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY in giving a more perfect performance of *Judas Maccabeus*, with probably a new tenor,—an opportunity which no one will wish to lose. On the next evening, Sunday 24th, the *Messiah*, also with Parepa. And there are hints too of yet a third oratorio (perhaps *Elijah*) under the same good auspices.

Dec. 28th, the first of the "SYMPHONY CONCERTS" more fully explained above.

In the second week of January we understand we are to have MARETZKE's Opera troupe, after brief visits to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

THE GREAT ORGAN is still heard every Wednesday and Saturday noon, and Sunday evenings, when the Hall is not otherwise occupied. Mr. Lang, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Wilcox, Dr. Tuckerman and Mrs. Frohock continue to please really large audiences for what has become so old a story, but one whose interest is not exhausted in a day or in a few years. Mr. Paine, by some change of programme not explained to us, did not play the other evening.

We are happy to notice that Mr. S. P. Prentiss, whose card appears in another column has established himself in Boston. We trust he may receive that success, which as a teacher he merits.

NEW MUSIC.—We have only room to hint at few of the choice things lately published which will make desirable Christmas presents to musical friends. For instance, the Songs by Franz, now publishing, with German and English words, by Ditson; some eight or ten of these already out, and of the very choicest, most poetical of song creations. Also similar series of the Songs of Schumann and of Mendelssohn.—Then there are all the *Nottunes* and the *Polonaises* of Chopin, invaluable to the pianist. Again, the handsome and convenient octavo vocal and piano scores of Oratorios which the same house have just issued: *Judas Maccabeus*, *St. Paul*, *Eli*, &c., &c.

We must thankfully acknowledge the receipt (from Mr. Walter, organist of Trinity Chapel in New York) of the elegant edition which he has published, by subscription, of one of the finest of the English Church *Te Deums*, namely "Hodges in E," or Consecration Service, composed A.D. 1846, by EDWARD HODGES, Mus. Doc., so long organist of Trinity Church. A finely engraved portrait of Dr. Hodges accompanies the work, of which we hope soon to have time to say more.

FRENCH THEATRE. Nothing more artistic and graceful in all its parts has ever been offered here in the way of acting, than the little comedies, vaudevilles, &c., with which Messrs. Juignet and Drivet's company have been regaling the most refined and cultivated of Boston audiences in the Tremont Theatre during the past month. We are happy to learn that their success encourages them to prolong their stay another fortnight. Such lady-like and charming actresses as Mme. Larmet and Mlle. Hinry are rarely found on the same stage. Mme. Bergeon is capital as ever in the older characters. Chol is the same versatile, droll fellow, an admirable comedian,—you should see him as the old ballet-master, that "ancien zephyr"! Rousseau is good still in his way; Juignet himself delightful, if he would only act offener. Of the new men, all valuable, we can only mention Chamonin, very accomplished in a great variety of roles, and the most charmingly impudent and entertaining of all garçons, M. Deligne. But it is the ease, the truth to character, the unity of all and grace and elegance in each detail that make the charm, and make their renderings of these little pieces, light, extravagant and trifling as some of them are, a study of good acting and good manners. It is the best way to familiarize the ear with the French language; and even those who know no French cannot but catch the natural language, the play of feature, gesture, tone, which is a better music than that which they so often undertake in these vaudevilles to sing.

At a Special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Handel and Haydn Society held on the 26th ult., the following resolutions were offered by the President and passed unanimously.

Whereas: The Trustees of the Handel and Haydn Society have learned of the decease of their esteemed friend and brother, Mr. John Dodd, whose long life of activity and usefulness is now, at the ripe age of eighty-five years, brought to its close:

Therefore Resolved, That while we recognize in this event the dealings of an all-wise and merciful God, we cannot but mourn with unfeigned sorrow, the loss of one who has been always identified with the interests of this Society, whose name is upon the honored roll of its original founders, and afterwards and for many years prominently connected with its government, an earnest, zealous and faithful worker in the ranks; a pattern of punctuality and promptness; a worthy example to the young and old; and also for half a century has never ceased to feel and to manifest a deep interest in the Society's welfare and success.

Resolved, That we cherish with gratitude the thought of the many virtues, the kindly sympathies, the honor, honesty and integrity of life which show forth so conspicuously in the character of our beloved associate, and while we sympathize most earnestly with the bereaved family in their great loss, at the same time we rejoice with them in the possession of that unspeakable gift, the memory of a just and good man, which is BLESSED.

Resolved, That as a tribute of our esteem, and a lasting memorial of our love and affection for our associate, these resolutions be placed upon our records, and a copy of them be presented to the family of the deceased.

LORING B. BARNES,
Sec'y Handel and Haydn Society.

PHILADELPHIA. A very brave and very laudable undertaking is that of Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN, well known as one of the most earnest piano-playing artists of the country. It is no less than the performing, in a series of ten Matinées, of all the Piano-Forte Sonatas of Beethoven, thirty in number. The only precedent that we have known for such an enterprise was the "Beethoven Recitals" of Mr. Charles Halle in London, whom it was our own good fortune to hear a few years since throughout the latter half of his course, including half of the Sonatas. There the audience, in St. James's Hall, was of the most fashionable character, some 700 listeners, mostly ladies, and remarkably attentive, indeed a large proportion of them following the interpreter with copies of the music in their hands. Mr. Halle took the Sonatas in chronological order, or rather in the order of the *opus* numbers. Mr. Wolfsohn, it seems to us, adopts a wiser and more artistic course, in that he groups the Sonatas by certain affinities and contrasts of key and character, giving three each time. He has been aided in the classification by one of the most judicious musicians in the country, Mr. KARL KLAUSER, of Farmington, Conn.

Mr. Wolfsohn will have his Sonata readings varied also by vocal pieces from such artists as Mme. Raymond Ritter of New York, Mr. Kreissmann of Boston, and Mr. Habelmann. We wish him true success, and wish we might be in Philadelphia. Students of the Sonatas will be curious to see Mr. Wolfsohn's grouping of them, which is as follows:

I. Matinée.

Tuesday, December 5.

Sonatas: F minor, op. 2, No. 1. A flat, major, op. 26. F minor, op. 67.

II. Matinée.

Sonatas: A major, op. 2, No. 2. D major, op. 28. D minor, op. 31, No. 2.

III. Matinée.

Sonatas: C major, op. 2, No. 3. C minor, op. 10, No. 1. E flat, major, op. 21, No. 3.

IV. Matinée.

Sonatas: E major, op. 14, No. 1. G major, op. 31, No. 1. E minor, op. 90.

V. Matinée.

Sonatas: G major, op. 14, No. 2. D major, op. 10, No. 3. C major, op. 68.

VI. Matinée.

Sonatas: C minor, op. 13. E flat, major, op. 7. A flat, major, op. 110.

VII. Matinée.

Sonatas: F sharp, major, op. 78. C sharp, minor, op. 27, No. 1. E major, op. 109.

VIII. Matinée.

Sonatas: F major, op. 54. A major, op. 101. 23 Variations, op. 120.

IX. Matinée.

Sonatas: B flat, major, op. 22. E flat, major, op. 27, No. 2. C minor, op. 111.

X. Matinée.

Sonatas: F major, op. 10, No. 2. E flat, major, op. 87. B flat, major, op. 106.

The *Evening Bulletin* has some good remarks on these concerts, from which we copy the following:

If we think of the many excellent artists who consider a repertory containing the *Sonata Pathétique*, the Moonlight Sonata, and some two or three others of the most celebrated works of the great master, all-sufficient, we cannot but admire the ambition of one who is willing to place himself before the public as an exponent of the entire series of tone-poems in which Beethoven has, as it were, poured forth some of the brightest, as well as the most subtle efforts of his genius. To pianists, familiar with the immense difficulties, both of execution and expression, that lie in wait for the performer in almost every line of his later works, there needs no assurance that the task of Mr. Wolfsohn has imposed upon himself is one necessitating the highest artistic attainments. In this connection, it is pleasant that we know Mr. Wolfsohn as a conscientious artist, thoroughly alive to the responsibilities, as well as the advantages of his position; for if it be accorded that he is among the lead-

ing pianists of these times, it is equally true that such an eminence brings with it duties as well as laurels, and that the reward is only due to him who has achieved that which is worthy of himself, and the trust placed in him by an appreciative public. In other words, those who have so potent an influence in shaping the taste of our audiences, both in their public performances and as preceptors, should see to it that they in no wise pander to a materialistic, levelling standard of artistic achievements: but should, on the contrary, employ every opportunity of elevating the character of the musical wants of those who surround them. That Mr. Wolfsohn has fully endeavored to do this, a history of his soirées of the past seven or eight years fully proves. Glancing over the programmes of some of the earlier ones, a day or two ago, we found that productions of Reissiger and Fesca formed the *pièces de résistance*, while De Beriot or Gutmann served as the *entremets*. From year to year, a steady improvement was observable in the character of the selections, until at last we found programmes vying in musical worth with those of the most renowned chamber concerts of Munich or Leipzig.

Other signs of musical activity in Philadelphia are: the recommencement of the Germania Orchestra "Rehearsals" (programme. Overture to *Le Maçon*; Beethoven's *Adelaide*; a Lanner Waltz; first part of Schubert's Symphony in C; *Oberon* Overture; Duetto from Spohr's *Zemire und Azor*; and Finale from *Martha*. 2. A performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* by the Handel and Haydn Society on Thanksgiving evening. Maretzek's Opera expected first week in January.

NEW HAVEN. Mr. Dudley Buck, Jr., gave an Organ matinée on the 2nd inst., when he played Bach's "St. Ann's" Fugue; Allegretto from Beethoven's 8th Symphony; Scenes from *Tannhäuser*; Offertoire by Batiste; "Who is like unto thee?" from "Israel in Egypt;" and Mendelssohn's Organ Sonata, No. 2. The *Ave Maria* of Franz was sung by Mrs. Strickland, and a bass air from the "Magic Flute" by Mr. W. H. Hunt.

CINCINNATI.—The Parepa troupe had great success here in the middle of November, The Ghion-Susini Opera company was to follow. To lovers of classical music, the first *Concert de Salon* of Messrs Kunkel and Hahn was more interesting. They played (assisted by Mr. Brand, "Cellist") Hummel's Trio in E flat and Rubinstein's Trio in F. There was a Mozart Sonata (E flat, No. 5) for piano and violin; a Waltz and the second *Impromptu* by Chopin, and Thalberg's *Don Juan* Fantasia. Of Mr. Charles Kunkel a correspondent writes us:

"His superiority as a true exponent of the works of Chopin, Thalberg, Rubenstein, Liszt, Schumann, &c., has at last established itself. And he now stands the first pianist of the West, and, saving all due modesty, we think him second to none in the East. Cincinnati owes him much for his untiring energy in introducing classical music to a public before considered incompetent to appreciate it. The success in obtaining a subscription list, almost two-thirds larger than that of last season, proves at once the improvement of our taste and the benefit of his efforts. Being a conscientious artist, he will lose no opportunity for improvement, and I hope you may hear him before the coming summer, as I understand he contemplates an Eastern visit this season, and will probably play in New York and Boston." G.

ST. LOUIS.—The second Philharmonic Concert, (Nov. 23) had for programme: Chorus: "Rise up and shine," and "Sleepers, awake!" from *St. Paul*; Beethoven's C-minor Symphony; Duet (two tenors) from Spontini's *Vestale*: Chorus and Solos: "Evenings in Greece," words by Moore, music by Sobolewski, conductor of the Society; Mendelssohn's Overture: "Becalmed at sea, and Prosperous Voyage"; Cavatina from *I Martiri*, Donizetti; Sextet and chorus from Rossini's *Tell*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Nightingale's trill. (Madame Parepa's Song.)

Ganz. 40

Come, sing to me again. Song and Chorus.

J. W. Turner. 30

Excellent music, and very good words, by one who "thought he heard an angel sing."

Bradley Clay. Ballad.

J. C. J. 30

A poem of great beauty, narrating, with a most skillful use of military terms, the spiritual progress of a brave soldier after death, who, when the moon "gained the zenith," attained a higher zenith.

"In a uniform of white,
Marched he up the streets of light,"

Until he arrived where he heard the tattoo, blown "by the bugles round the throne." The melody and accompaniment simply illustrate the words.

O say, my little birdie bright. (Sag 'an, O lieber vogel mein.) Op. 27, No. 1. R. Schumann. 30

A very sweet and simple song, with clear harmony, and its lesson of faith and trust, in the reply of the passage bird.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me. Duet.

"Naaman." 50

I dreamt I was in heaven. Song.

30

Two good sacred pieces from Costa's new oratorio. The duet, between Elisha and the woman, whose supply of oil had been miraculously increased, is a very pleasing one, and the song of the child of the Shunamite, after his restoration to life, is one that will, no doubt, gain applause from many audiences.

One look, one word. (Nur ein lächelnder Blick.)

Song. Op. 27, No. 5. R. Schumann.

The rhapsody of a German lover, whose whole being is illumined by a ray from the loved lady's eye. The music is peculiar in construction, and quite melodious.

Lay him to rest. Ballad.

J. W. Turner. 30

They buried him in a watery grave.

30

Two new songs by Mr. T., who is almost always fortunate in the titles to his pieces, and also understands very well what the taste of the public requires.

When you and I were soldier boys. Arranged for Guitar, by

Hayden. 30

A new arrangement of Clarke's fine song, which is destined to be widely known.

Come, ye weary. Sacred quartet. Irving Emerson. 30

A good thing for quartet choirs, and quartets in choirs. A few dollars per year, appropriated to the purchase of these things as they appear, will add materially to the interest of rehearsals, as well as of Sunday performances.

Instrumental.

The Whirlwind Polka. J. Levy. 40

My Rod and Gun Polka. W. A. Field. 30

A very spirited and quite easy polka.

Maltese polka. Four hands. Wallerstein. 40

Arranged very neatly by Hewitt, is bright and effective, and just hard enough for pupils in their second quarter.

Nocturne. Op. 48, No. 1. C minor. Chopin.

Sad, of course, and brings the shades of night closely around you, but it is impressed with the genius of the master.

Three o'clock galop. H. Hagemeyer. 30

A roystering galop, with words occasionally introduced, showing the "galop"-ers to be having a famous time in their way, and, at three o'clock, are firmly resolved "not to go home till morning."

Deuxieme Tarentelle. Op. 21. Sydney Smith. 80

The tempo is "Allegro ma non troppo," which hardly comes up to our idea of the mad speed of a true Tarentelle; still the piece is a Tarentelle in character, and possesses the characteristic sweet-brilliance of the composer's works.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

